THE HENRY FORD PEACE EXPEDITION — SPECIAL NUMBER

Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1916 Number 4

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

**I refuse to be patriotic in the European sense—which means to believe everything bad about other nations and nothing but good about your own, and to hate with desperate hatred the people living yonder, where they have painted another color on the custom house barrier.**

**If to be an American, a real American, and a patriot, is merely that same thing, then frankly I am neither an American nor a patriot; for in America I have been emancipated from the patriotism of hate. I have found that here men work together harmoniously for the common good and the glory of a great country, though their historic roots lie buried in different lands and colonies, among people with different religious and social ideals, living in states which have conflicting economic interests, speaking diverse languages and expressing their faith in God through different creeds.** —*Edward A. Steiner*

*From The "Confession of a Hyphenated American"*

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916. NUMBER 4

### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:—
  To speak of bloody power as right divine,
And call on God to guard each vile chief's house,
  And for such chiefs, turn men to wolves and swine:—

To go forth killing in White Mercy's name,
  Making the trenches stink with spattered brains,
Tearing the nerves and arteries apart,
  Sowing with flesh the unreaped golden plains.

In any Church's name, to sack fair towns,
  And turn each home into a screaming sty,
To make the little children fugitive,
  And have their mothers for a quick death cry,—

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:
  This is the sin no purging can atone:—
To send forth rapine in the name of Christ:—
  To set the face, and make the heart a stone.

*Vachel Lindsay.*

---

*The Indian Messenger,* in a recent issue, complains that during the last year 988 individuals were injured on the streets of Calcutta by being run over or struck by conveyances. To better care for the wounded the city has received a gift from the St. John Ambulance Association of a motor ambulance worth 12,000 Rs. which the city will maintain at a cost of 500 Rs. per month. This is applying the remedies after the disease rather than prevention, which characterizes too many city administrations the world over.

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The Department of Health of Chicago, in a recent bulletin, calls attention to the fact that "the winter babies of Chicago are being killed by the same diseases that caused so many deaths during the summer months." In January and February of 1916 six hundred and twenty-three babies died from the same diseases that killed six hundred and fifty-eight during July and August last. In all these cases death was due to poor milk and improper feeding. Among other health notes in this bulletin attention is called to the fact that:

> Nothing is so depressing as remorse; nothing more weakening to the moral fibre than resolutions broken. But one good resolution kept will counteract a dozen broken. Resolve now to live temperately; and more happily.

---

"Panama as a Pan-American Convention Center" is a phrase that startles but edifies the thinking mind. This is indeed a promising proposition. The great canal is coming to its own when it invites the companionship of nations. A recent "Congress on Christian Work in Latin America" was held in which 145 delegates from Latin American nations and 159 from the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Spain and Italy were assembled. Infelicitous is the headline used by the *Literary Digest* in quoting this meeting, "Protestant Invasion of Latin America!" The title is too militant. The Protestants must abandon their martial attitude and stop talking of "invasions," and the Catholics may well neglect their defenses as they grope towards a common interest and bend themselves to the common task, not of dividing but unifying the world.

---

Norman Angell's new book is entitled "The World's Highway." It deals with certain superstitions of the militant, such as "trade follows the flag." This maxim assumes that naval power means national potency and that battleships are necessary to promote the progress as well as the life of the nation. Perhaps the first step toward permanent peace would be the neutralizing of the high seas and all the ports, narrow passages and canals, throwing them free to the traffic of the world with no restrictions but such as are necessary to the securing of such freedom to all nations. If a police force is necessary to enforce reasonable rules it should be an international police force, whether such force be stationed on land or on water.

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The Dean of the St. Paul Cathedral in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, as quoted in the *Literary Digest,* denies the insinuation that the Fond du Lac Church desires "To get as near Rome as possible without actually swallowing the Papacy." In denying this charge the Dean says that "In Fond du Lac every detailed rubric direction of the old-fashioned Book of Common Prayer is carefully observed and no Romish innovations have been introduced." Perhaps this careful avoidance of innovation is the most deplorable feature of Papacy. A church where all innovations are excluded is in rather a bad way as it seems to us. Is the Church a stone structure or a living tree?

---

An old and valiant friend of UNITY takes one line, and a very important, and perhaps in the end the only efficient one, into the heart of internationalism that is the quest of the philosopher, the philanthropist and the hero today. Quoting from the searching confession of an officer, published in our issue of March 9th, page 30, she says, "until leaders of the Inter-

nationalists locate us women on the planet," "the average man (Tommy, if you will) must remain very simple because he is so unthoughtful and wanting in imagination and all capacity for self analysis. . . . . I never cease to wonder at him. He is so elementary and stupid in many ways and yet such a good fellow." Preparedness? Never, for an Internationalist!

---

Many of an earlier generation still living in Chicago and the Northwest will recall B. P. Moulton, Esq., and his genial and kindly wife. Mr. Moulton was a generous contributor of his time and money to Unitarian and other liberal religious causes, and served for some years as President of the Western Unitarian Conference and the Chicago Athæneum. He passed away some six years since, the pastor of his Chicago days, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, conducting his memorial service. And now Dr. Wendte has been called upon to render a similar service to his departed friend, Mrs. Moulton, who died at her home in Ardmore, Pa., on February 22. The announcement of her death will awaken many tender memories of her cheerful and kindly spirit and devoted service to the causes which UNITY still represents in the community.

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A suggestive and promising meeting is to be held in Garden City, New York, April 25-27, under the auspices of the World Alliance of the Churches for the Promotion of International Friendship. Among the subjects to be discussed are the following:

"The World Task of the Church: A Practical Program"; "The Church and the Oriental Problem"; "The Church and International Government"; "The Spirit of Jesus in International Relationships."

The most progressive representatives of the orthodox churches are to take part. The list includes Washington Gladden, Dr. Faunce, Charles S. Macfarland, William P. Merrill, Bishop Anderson, Henry Churchill King and others. The name of one Unitarian appears on the list, that of ex-President Taft, whose topic is "Towards International Government." Success to the meeting.

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Much crude thinking and unwarranted anxiety on the part of the preparedness people springs from a failure to realize the fundamental difference between an "army" and a "police force." The one is intended to resist an enemy, to kill a foe, directed by the wisdom or folly of the nation it serves, the other desires to save life, to enforce law and to be governed by law. The police force may be called upon to use force in protecting life and property and in maintaining the dignity of law, but it never passes beyond the boundary of law. When nations enter into a pact of reason and adopt an international code, enacted by an international body of lawmakers, then an international police force will be a logical necessity, and by the same theory a *national* army independent of this police force, not subject to international control, will be as much a lawless offence and defiance as is now felt in a law-abiding community in the carrying of deadly weapons by individuals.

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A circular letter and "reprint" matter from the publicity department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association is before us with date of March 15th. It asks whether the prohibition tidal wave, which has been sweeping the United States, is about to "break into harmless spray." This society valiantly champions "local option" as against State-wide prohibition. The liquor interests seem to forget that local option is prohibition as far as it goes, and that it has won the nineteen states in the Union. The friends of temperance may well take heart when even the liquor associations are in favor of the more progressive local option laws found in the statute books of the State. The road over which the liquor wagons are traveling into idleness and oblivion is the one which starts with the township, reaches through the county, into the State and on into the Union. In our larger cities, if the "wets" will only join with the "drys" in seeking local option for wards and resident neighborhoods, then the campaign that will make dry cities will be fairly on.

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In trying to print the story of the Ford Peace Expedition in this issue we are impressed more keenly than ever with the meagerness of material that ought to be available not only to the friends of peace but to the patriotic citizens of America. Quite aside from the importance of the utterances that fell from American lips, there was much that was true and beautiful uttered all along the mission by Europeans with cultivated minds and noble hearts. Lavish appropriations were made by Mr. Ford for stenographic and reportorial service, and it is to be sincerely hoped that at least the utterances of the friends who spoke for and in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland will be made available to American readers in due time. The representatives of UNITY were able to snatch out of the hurry and pressure of the occasion but a very few papers, some of which appear in this issue.

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The Unitarian Fellowship is called upon to mourn the recent death of two faithful servants of Truth. Rev. William R. Lord and Rev. Charles E. St. John, men widely known and deeply loved. Mr. Lord was

the servant of all causes that sought to release and enlarge human life, a lover and interpreter of birds, a champion of woman's rights and duties in the state, a leader in temperance work and a man who ministered to the spiritual needs of progressive thinkers in many places. His ministry literally reached from shore to shore and everywhere he touched life with tenderness and quickened spirituality by his gentleness. Mr. St. John was for many years the efficient secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and as such, perhaps, was more widely known and more loved than any contemporary Unitarian minister. His last years were spent in a successful ministry of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. Both these brethren will be held in blessed memory by untold numbers of those whose lives were made more noble through their message and influence.

---

*The New Dispensation,* the organ of the progressive Hindus, published in Calcutta, quotes Keshub Sen as saying "that no one could obtain heaven without a certificate from his wife." This is a practical test that is more effective than many a heresy trial. The same paper speaks of this great reformer as being "baptized in fire," who sought to weld in the heat of idealism "the separate pieces scattered over the faces of the world." On the eighth day of January, 1830, Rammohun Ray and his followers, disciples of Sen, dedicated a house in Calcutta "to be used, occupied, enjoyed, applied and appropriated as a place of public meeting of all sorts and descriptions of people without distinction, as shall behave and conduct themselves in an orderly and devout manner for the spiritual worship and adoration of the Eternal, Unsearchable and Immutable Being who is the Author and Preserver of the Universe." This is declared to be the first house in the history of the world so consecrated. It is a matter of history that Mohammedan and Christian, Hundu and Persian devotees have used this building.

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A New York firm devoted to transportation problems issues an "Economic Map of the Russian Empire," with carefully prepared notation, distributed for the purpose of awakening in the United States an interest in foreign trade. It admits the humiliating and brutal fact that "at the present time a large proportion of American plants are engaged on war orders, which, in the majority of the cases, will be cut off on short notice." It predicts that the equipment of these plants cannot be turned at once to the manufacture of those articles which will be in immediate demand as soon as Russia's ports are open for commerce. This same Martin & Co., 24 State Street, New York, urges the American manufacturer to study the needs of Russia, to realize that it is largely an agricultural nation, that it must buy on credit and that it proposes to sell goods. It is the largest country in all the group, covers a district one-sixth of the terrestrial globe, stretches one-half way round the world and ranges almost from the tropics to the Arctic regions. It behooves those who deal in intangible commodities to remember that the vast population of this extensive country represents spiritual possibilities as well. They represent minds to be exploited in the interest of democratic ideas, of scientific progress, religious freedom of thought and racial justice.

---

Too much has been made of course by idle reporters of the flippancy and idleness of the entire company composing the Ford Peace party. But all those who have had any experience in traveling in companies well know that a hundred and eighty people, more or less, could not be easily mobilized through the distances and over the difficulties without a lot of hard work on the part of many. The task of Mr. Gaston Plintiff and his efficient first assistant, Mr. Neely, was no slight one. With tireless devotion to the comfort of the entire party of which some were none too willing to obey orders or conform to rules, they worked with a cheerfulness and a geniality worthy the high cause entrusted to them. The same may be said of Louis P. Lochner, the Secretary, whose strength of body and mind were continually taxed to the utmost. Among the volunteer helpers, clearly the most serviceable, self-denying and consecrated to the cause of Peace were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Holt of Detroit, old neighbors, and on that account unflagging admirers, of Mr. Ford. The expedition would have been very much weaker and more confused had the constant vigilance and cooperation of the Holts been out of it. Mr. Holt's large business experience and clear practical insight, and Mrs. Holt's ability and social graces were elements of great strength. In them was realized in a striking way the boy's definition of salt, which he said "was that which made a potato taste bad when you didn't have it."

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John Burroughs says: "To add to the resources of one's life—think how much that means! To add to those things that make us more at home in the world; that help guard us against ennui and stagnation; that invest the country with new interest and enticement; that make every walk in the fields or woods an excursion into a land of unexhausted treasures; that make the returning seasons fill us with expectation and delight; that make every rod of ground like the page of a book, in which new and strange things may be read; in short, those things that help keep us fresh and sane and young and make us immune to the strife and fever of the world."

*Some members of the Henry Ford Peace Expedition, taken just before landing at Christiana, Norway.*

## The Unreportable Peace Expedition

We yield our pages this week to such account of the Peace Expedition as can be embodied within our limitations of space and time. Even from the most sympathetic standpoint the truest story of this expedition can never be told. Its greatest accomplishments are to be found in the things it did not do. Its noblest asset consists in the fact that a wealthy man tried to do something, and that he and others succeeded in at least shocking a faithless world into more thoughtfulness. The Ford Expedition was a thing of words, largely, but words are seed-things, and in this case often fell on good ground that will bring forth an hundredfold. But behind the words were the touches of human life. Heart to heart contact that enkindled human sympathies and established human fellowships. Glimpses of the deeper life of Europe were revealed to these pilgrims which are unreportable.

"Is this the way to the train that leaves for the Hague?" we asked of a private soldier in the Rotterdam station after the evening meeting there. "Surely, sir, I will show you." And then with a halting bashfulness the man in uniform added, as we were entering the car, "May I thank you for the deep words you have just spoken? I was at the meeting."

When we reached the Hague, coming out of the second-class compartment, there was our soldier friend again, who had evidently come along in a third-class compartment, waiting for us. And again with halting manner he said, "Will you please take this card. On it we found plainly written the following:

"My dear Sir and Madam:—If I can do something for your expedition, I should be very glad. I am living with my fellow soldiers which appreciate your work very much. Please excuse me, my funny way to show my good will, and thank you very much for your words of strength.

"I am, "Your sincerely Friend."

It was signed, giving name, army organization and address. And then, as if loathe to part, he wrote on the address side of the card, "Good-bye and many thanks to all you American people, who love PEACE! From a simple Dutch soldier."

During the same ride we found as companion in our compartment a handsome young man, dressed in civilian clothes, whom we found to be an Amsterdam dealer in coffee and spices, head of an old business which had descended through several generations, and yielding him a handsome income. But he was serving

his time as a private soldier, drilling three days a week, permitted to give the other three days to his business, and when not on duty allowed to wear citizen's clothes. Because he had a family with three children he was allowed three guilders and a half ($1.40 per week) as wages.

Question: "I should think you would be needed as an officer. How is it that such as you are kept in the rank of a private?" Answer: "I will not assume the responsibilities and the obligations that go with an office. The whole business is so loathsome."

When in Delft seeking the friend who could "speak English," a handsome lieutenant in uniform graciously stopped and said, "Can I be of service to you?" The information asked for was speedily forthcoming. He showed us how to get into the "Old Church" and what was worth seeing, and left us with a sense of graciousness in our hearts. When half an hour later we emerged from the Old Church our military friend was waiting for us, and he said, "My wife would be pleased to have you take luncheon with us and incidentally see the oldest house in Delft." We could not accept the luncheon, but we did go in the afternoon to enjoy the inevitable cup of tea and found the wife, the daughter of a Dutch father and an English mother, born in St. Paul, U. S. A., hungering for the United States, weary of the military, bemoaning the tyranny that compelled peace loving Holland, the headquarters of pacific Europe, to carry the burden of 300,000 soldiers under arms, with another 100,000 within forty-eight hours' call. Half the schoolhouses of Holland are closed to school purposes because they are needed for barracks. These three soldiers are typical.

Some of our pleasant experiences were the meeting with old friends and parishioners. At Christiania we found the widow of Hans Tambs Lyche of blessed memory, a graduate of Meadville, for several years a successful Unitarian minister in America, and his wife also was a Meadville graduate. She was a devoted worker in the Church and Sunday School in the Janesville parish when the Editor of UNITY was pastor there in the '70's. Mr. Lyche started a hopeful work in Christiania and was editor of a liberal religious journal. When he died he left behind him this young American wife, who heroically stood by the work, and raised her family of three children into usefulness and success. A greeting came from Christopher Janson, too infirm to leave his home, but still his heart responded to our presence. At Stockholm the much beloved Ruth Randall of All Souls Church, Chicago, now the happy Ruth Randall Edstrom, with her accomplished Swedish husband and three of her four beautiful children, came down through the snow drifts, forty miles or more, to work with and for the expedition, to renew old acquaintance and to go back recommitted to the work represented by UNITY.

When the ferryboat approached the landing at Malmo, a gentleman, his wife and daughter, hailed the Editor of UNITY while the boat was still moving, with, "Hello, Mr. Jones. I have given you many a "lift" before now and I am come that you pay me back." He proved to be the present American Consul at this Swedish port. Thirty years or more ago he ran the elevator at 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, in the building in which were the old Unitarian headquarters and UNITY office.

At the Hague one of my long time and old time March parishioners from Alabama was there to welcome us with her Dutch husband, a solid citizen, a wise adviser and a courteous gentleman. To Mr. and Mrs. Van Marle we were indebted for much good counsel and many good times. Here, also, among the first to greet us, were our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., the former another Meadville alumnus. He and his wife spent four happy years of their youth, he as minister to the little Unity Chapel at Hillside, Wisconsin, during the palmiest days of the Hillside Home School. For the last fifteen years Mr. Hugenholtz has been a member of the Holland Parliament, with two splendid sons well along in their studies at the University of Leyden, one looking to law and the other to medicine, while a little daughter brightens and cheers the home.

The Official Representatives of the United States were more than official to the representatives of UNITY. To Mr. Schmedeman, Minister to Norway, from Madison, Wisconsin, the Editor was "Uncle Jenk," and he knows all the Joneses.

At Stockholm we were the happy and welcome guests at the Christmas dinner and the Christmas tree festivities of our parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. Ira N. Morris of Chicago. Mr. Eagen, the minister at Copenhagen, greeted us with, "Well, how is Jess?" and the genial Van Dyke said, "I need no introduction to the Good Old White Horse."

So subtle and mystic are the weavings that worked the Ford Peace Expedition into the international fabric now in the process of making in the loom of destiny, which when completed will form a winsome flower in the tapestry of history.

When the ridicule and humor provoked by the American press will have been forgotten, there will still remain a story that cannot be effaced of this rash attempt to shorten, if but for a day, the wicked waste of life and treasure, and it, like all ventures of the spirit, will be measured by what it attempted, not by what it achieved.

All, I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
Pitcher shaped.

## THE PULPIT

# The Peace Pilgrimage Across the Seas:

### DID IT PAY?

**The First Sermon preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones after his return from Europe at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, March 5, 1916.**

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

**Father, out of abundant hearts, we pour our gratitude to that providence that in its mysterious weavings has again brought us here; once more we meet in the full tides of love and companionship and under the solemn call of duty. Once more we are confronted by the unspeakable, the immeasurable opportunities of service. Service to Thy suffering children, service to the abiding causes so thwarted by the confusion of the hour. Service to Thee, the God of Love.**

**Father, help us to stand consciously in the presence of things eternal, realizing the infinite sweep of Thy law. Mindful of the slow evolution of the centuries, help us to rise above the distractions of the hour; make us deaf to the clamor of the day; release us from the tyranny of the years and the age, that we may stand with the prophets that know not time but eternity. Thus we may be in league with the ages that through turmoil and travail spell the message of peace.**

**Help us, Father, to realize that we are ministers of justice, members of the struggling family of man. Forgotten be land and flag and country today in the nobler memories of the all-fatherland of humanity, the agonizing thirst for peace that is the burden of our brothers and sisters beyond the pale of country, beyond the lure of the flag. Above all may we see floating over us the white banners of peace, and above all the dissonance of war may we hear the angelic anthems of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Amen.**

My first word this morning is one of gratitude. Out of a full heart we rejoice that we are back, well and hearty after thirteen weeks of absence, every day of which was filled with vital, thrilling, stimulating experience.

My second word is one of pride in the way you have got along without me. On every hand I see evidence that during our absence no activity or vital interest of Lincoln Centre, All Souls Church or UNITY has been slighted.

My third word, as frankly and heartily spoken, is that I am glad I went. I have no apologies to offer for having been of the "Ford Peace Ship Party." If no other reason suffices, the one I anticipated in my parting word still holds. I told you then that my place was where the stones were flying. I did not miss my opportunity in this direction. I have been at the storm center of sarcasm and ridicule and feel the better for it. Without discussion or attempt at palliation I will admit all the crudities and inefficiencies with which you may be inclined to clothe this expedition. The disappointments were such as might be expected of a venture so hastily arranged, so poorly organized, so bereft of the directing heads and controlling hands designed for it. Necessarily the details of such an unparalleled venture were indefinite and the

*Another group of Peace Workers.*

HENRY FORD
ON BOARD "OSCAR II"

conduct was necessarily largely extemporized from day to day.

My first task is to try to disabuse your minds of the wholly inadequate and oftentimes entirely false conception left upon them by the American reporters of the daily press. Their point of view from the start was one of flippancy, ridicule and ill concealed contempt. There were honorable exceptions, and their serious purpose and respectful reception will, let us hope, eventually find expression even in the American press. But this expedition has revealed the low ideals of American journalism, at least of many of those who were entrusted with the task of interpreting this voyage. A certain number of the sixty-one "members of the press," recipients of Mr. Ford's bounty, indulged in grotesque sensationalism, delighted in satire and revelled in exaggeration and found plenty of material for that purpose. In the handling of this expedition American journalism reached its yellowest form. If this band of American reporters had been called to report the Crucifixion, they would doubtless have exhausted their time and energy in trying to find out which soldier drew the coat that was woven from the top throughout without seam. They would have exhausted their reportorial skill in identifying Malchus, and the daily *Jerusalem Trumpet* would, the next morning, assure the public in glaring headlines that the man assaulted by Peter was neither Jew nor Roman, but a wandering tramp from Memphis. They would have clinched this bit of news by saying that the fragment of the ear severed by Peter's sword had been recovered and that it fitted exactly into the mangled member in question.

Let me assure you, then, that the expedition, studied from the European standpoint, at least that part of it that we call neutral, in which it was our privilege and opportunity to visit four of their capital cities, was one of respectful interest. Candid criticism indeed in many quarters it did receive, but always courteous. They gave us generous space and tried to give, in the language of the country, some idea of what we were saying and trying to do. They looked beyond the messengers to the message. Bear in mind, then, that what you saw through the eyes of the American reporters is not what Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland saw. It is of what these countries saw and heard and felt that I would like to give you some hint in this address. Accept, if you like, all the American reporters gave you, and then by a simple process of intellectual elimination realize that the Americans were concerned almost wholly with the externals of the excursion, while the Europeans were profoundly interested in the heart centers. We who were with this expedition can well plead guilty to all the implications, for argument sake, and still claim the respect of thoughtful people and challenge the attention of every profound student of current events. The Ford Peace Expedition was a unique, important and far-reaching contribution to the perplexing problems of the twentieth century, the importance of which we are as yet too close to estimate.

If I could sketch for you, however inadequately, the receptions we received at the hands of the seven European cities visited, I would give you the mental attitude that would put you in a position to measure the real forces that clumsily revealed themselves in this attempt to help bring an end to the awful tide of woe that is overwhelming Europe.

We landed at Christiania in the depth of winter, on the eve of the great Christmas festival, the severity of the weather being unparalleled in a hundred years. All Norway was agog with the festivities as well as the solemnities that characterize their Christmas season. The abundant snows lifted their skiing, skating, tobogganing and kindred sports into a spectacular frenzy that caught the American visitors as a contagion. In the face of this excitement, the first reception was tendered to us by what in Chicago would be called the "University Club," there known as the Students' Club, an ancient society the membership of which consists of all the graduates of the Norwegian University, professors and students, and which bears upon its rolls the names of Norway's favored and famous sons,—Ibsen, Bjornsen and the rest. The reception was tendered us in the Students' Hall, the largest on their campus, with a seating capacity of perhaps eight hundred. On that basis five or six hundred were present. The chair was taken by a young teacher in the English department, and he spoke academic English, somewhat grotesquely accented. I spoke for half an hour and the response to the first address on foreign soil showed that most of them understood my English, but the somewhat lengthy paraphrasing of my message on the part of the presiding officer indicated that either they understood him a little clearer or else that his phrasing of my message was an improvement on my own.

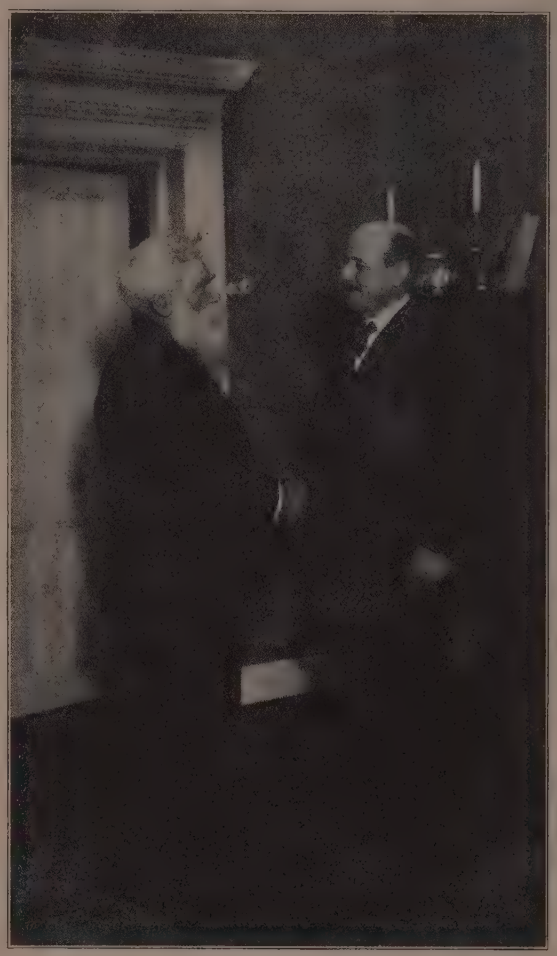
While the fierce blizzard was still blowing and the convivialities of the season growing still more hilarious, the next meeting was held under the auspices of the "Ministers' Association" of the city. They secured the largest hall available in the capital city with a capacity of eighteen hundred, fourteen or fifteen hundred present. A local clergyman presided and an accomplished colleague translated the American addresses paragraph by paragraph. Judge Lindsay, Senator Robinson of Denver and others, spoke. Pastor Hansen, a man of electric power, made the closing speech, and the audience was held with unabated interest until 11 o'clock at night. Another meeting, largely attended, was held under the auspices of the Socialists and Labor Unions.

The ride from Christiania to Stockholm was a memorable one, which no one involved will ever desire to repeat. A day trip was arranged for. The train was to leave at 8:30 but it was 10:30 before it could be gotten out of the yard, so badly "frozen" was it. The trip was to have been accomplished in twelve hours; it occupied more than twenty-four hours. The train was not provided with sleepers. Much of the time some of the cars were absolutely without heat. Time and time again we had to stop to thaw out the pipes. We worried through. It was a severe physical strain and some paid severely for the exposure. At 9 o'clock in the evening a band of torch bearers gathered at the station to welcome us. They returned at 11 o'clock at night again, then they gave us up. We did not arrive until 9 o'clock the next morning. We were welcomed by Burgomaster Lindhagen, a member of Parliament, the Mayor of the city, an accomplished scholar, who with characteristic energy, was at the head of an efficient committee. They were tireless in their efforts to make our stay pleasant as well as effective.

The next day was Christmas. Following the beautiful Scandinavian custom of a before-daylight service in the church on Christmas morning, which the people attend, a Peace service was arranged in the beautiful Odeon Hall, with a seating capacity of five or six hundred. Probably three hundred and fifty people were present. A trained male choir consisting of fifty voices sang heavenly Christmas music for half an hour. Then followed a program including addresses from several of our members. I made the opening address. All the addresses were translated by a man of wonderful intellectual agility, section by section, and the interpreting did not seem to interfere much with the flow of thought or sustained interest either of speakers or the audience. It was a tender and touching occasion. It was still dark in that latitude at 8 o'clock and the hundreds of electric lights on the beautiful Christmas tree gleamed with spectacular significance. When I tried to link the story of the Christ-Child in Judea with the countless children who were being prematurely crucified by war in Europe, the sensitive interpreter, the tears flowing down his cheeks, said, "I cannot put that into Swedish," and he told them so, and evidently the most effective part of that speech was the part that was not translated. When as a benediction the male chorus came down from the choir loft and arranged themselves near the speakers' platform and sang softly "Holy Night," it was an artistic climax, a spiritual consecration never to be forgotten by those who lent themselves to the spirit of the occasion.

Our reception at Stockholm was the heartiest, made such by the prominent character of the leader and the effective co-operation of his associates, primarily a woman's backing. Woman always in the lead. This fact constituted both the strength and weakness of the whole expedition. The meetings at Christiania were multiplied and intensified at Stockholm. The thousand people, more or less, who met at the Music Hall, represented the upper class. Men and women high in academic and civic life participated. High music and Dr. Aked's splendid address made this occasion a social and academic event, shot through and through with profound emotions and high purposes. Another meeting was held in the circus, where two thousand or more chairs were occupied and it was reported that a thousand went away. This meeting was held under the auspices of the Socialists. It was a meeting at which my friend and colleague, Mr. Weatherby of Lincoln, Neb., spoke with great effect. His address was published in a recent number of UNITY. At the same time between two and three hundred people in the parlors of the Grand Hotel listened to addresses from Mr. Aked and Mrs. Frederick H. Holt of Detroit. Perhaps there were ten or twelve such meetings of one kind or another and the inevitable banquet at Stockholm. Always banquets. Perhaps too much eating, but eating is an international function. But there was no drinking at the expense of Mr. Ford. But of course in Europe drink is very available. But if you have caught the impression that the excursion was a convivial junketing party, a carousal at the expense of Mr. Ford, I beg of you to hastily revise your impression. You cannot realize, after this loud guffaw of the press, how profoundly earnest and religious was the impression left at Stockholm.

I was sent with a special guide to the ancient university town of Upsala, some forty miles distant, to visit the Archbishop of Sweden, head of the established church (Lutheran). It was a great white world, more snow still falling. Instead of a venerable head of an ancient establishment I was surprised to find a young man in the vigor of the forties, full of enthusiasm for peace. He met me literally with open arms. He was ready for me. A long table loaded with Peace correspondence and printed matter, arranged according to the countries, was at hand. He assured me that if it were not for the pressure of the season he would accompany the party as far as Copenhagen. He declared the prayers of the pious in Sweden were with us, and that he at least was disposed to interpret the Peace Expedition in terms of seriousness and hopefulness. The storm delayed the return train. The train that was to carry the party to Copenhagen was being held for me. I was astonished to find the station packed with an enthusiastic throng who had come to bid us good-bye. I was literally passed over the heads of this crowd, said to number two thousand —make it one thousand. They had been singing a farewell to us. As I was thrust into the train head foremost, Mr. Lochner exclaimed, "They are calling



*Mr. Schmedeman, the American Minister to Norway, and the Editor of* UNITY.

for a speech from you." When I was righted into a perpendicular position I cried: "Friends, we are here in the interests of international peace and fraternity—" and the train pulled out.

Our visit was anticipated at Copenhagen by the national enactment, passed some months previously, forbidding any public discussion of war issues. A law called forth by the excitement stirred by an aggressive war speech from the Norwegian Bjornsen, son of the great novelist. But this law, like all other laws, was to be interpreted, and it was interpreted as not prohibiting the meetings of clubs, private parties, receptions, etc. So the meetings were broken up into innumerable groups, always discussing Peace. The law did not prohibit the editors and proprietors of the leading Danish paper, the *Politiken,* from giving the party a notable reception in the social rooms of the paper. The venerable Senior Editor greeted us with a learned and heartfelt welcome, and again there was much speaking, and a full account of the same in the columns of the paper next day.

The journey from Stockholm to the Hague was not so arduous as the one from Christiania to Stockholm, but it was unique. For a considerable time Germany absolutely refused passage across its territory. The only other alternative was to charter a vessel with a capacity of one hundred passengers to carry a hundred and sixty, for which they wanted $50,000. At the last moment the German Government relented, and under severe restrictions and warnings we were permitted to go through in a "sealed train." But we were warned that we would be subjected to the severest examination. No scrap of writing or printed matter would be allowed to pass, not even a visiting card. So the company stripped itself of its letters. I sent back to America unread the books I carried with me and I was left to the resources of foreign languages for reading matter. In the wee small hours of the night, when we reached the border line, we must be transferred from the Danish to the German train. The company was coralled in a small, dingy room, packed tight, when a be-laced and be-buttoned German Lieutenant came to inform us that the German Government was going to trust us and we were allowed to pass unexamined. Whereupon the Chairman of the Committee, standing on a chair, thanked him and the German Government for the courtesy. In response the German Lieutenant took his place on the chair and in admirable English, with a voice indicating culture, expressed his sympathy with us and told us that he and thousands of others were praying for our success. It was a memorable event, in the grim, dim hour of midnight, when the tired, sleepy company were touched into tenderness.

Arriving at the Hague, hungry, disheveled and sleepy, we were met at the station by a member of the Parliament of Holland, one who had traveled in America, and who knew Chicago well. In a learned address charged with historical allusions, he bade us welcome, reminding us that we were in the land of William of Orange, Erasmus and Hugo Grotius, and near to the church of Pastor Robinson. After this address Madame Ramondt, the always efficient and tireless hostess and helper with a band of beautiful young women, wearing their peace badges, passed around among us with welcome bouillon and crackers.

At the Hague the peace party broke up. The closing meeting, with its few moments of silent prayer and benediction, was far removed from the flippancy or the superficiality ascribed to it by the screeching headlines of the American newspapers.

Our return home was delayed three weeks longer than we expected owing to the crippling of the Rhyndam by a mine. This gave us an opportunity of meeting many eminent citizens and making many personal friends, reaching from the venerable ex-Prime Minister, eighty-three years of age, who gave me an hour's interview, to a Young Woman's Guild, an academic circle at Leyden. I had various conferences with the representatives of the Anti-War Council, which is probably the most active and effective peace organization in the world at the present time. To its credit, be it said, it has not gone out of business "until the war is over," as so many peace organizations seem inclined to do.

The burden of the cry of the enlightened people in all these capital cities was, "Where is the United States? Why are you here unofficially? We, here under the rim of the storm, between the two blades of the scissors, liable at any time to be crushed and broken by an aggressive movement on either side, cannot initiate. We are ready to follow. The neutral bodies have power if they would only speak."

The limitations of a sermon are reached, but not the end of my story. Incidents as well as accidents, experiences and emotions crowd upon me, all of which would help interpret this most fantastic excursion found in history since the days of the Crusades,—with which we were not inaptly compared. Aye, worse than that, we were compared to the Children's Crusade. I care not to deny or dispute the charges. If you like, I plead guilty. When wise men and millionaires bemoan the lack of wisdom, the absence of organization, and tell me how much might have been accomplished if it had only been different, my reply is, the chance is yours. Go and do better. The other reply is, that probably if the thing had been done "properly," and if all the prudences had been consulted, it would never have been done at all. And there is glory enough in the fact that it was undertaken. Here was a man of wealth who was willing to risk not only his money, though that was great, but his reputation for sanity, his standing among business men, for an idea.

The other fact remains that at the four great capital cities of the four neutral countries, as well as at Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Leyden, we were received sympathetically and courteously. We did touch profoundly the lives of some leading men and women, and, I repeat, we received at the hands of the press of these countries courteous treatment, respectful hearing, extensive notice. They tried to give to their readers our message as we tried to give it.

I do not resent the notoriety thrust upon me by the innocent incident of the leap-frog game which seems to have given me wider fame than any other thing I ever did or said, for it was spread over two continents. But in the interest of the just perspective I wish the camera could have reported the interview with the President of the great University of Norway, the embrace of the Archbishop of Sweden, the clasped hand with the German Lieutenant, the benediction from the venerable ex-Prime Minister of Holland,

and a score of other scenes indicative of the seriousness and the dignity that enveloped the Ford Peace Party as Europe saw it, and as I believe history will interpret it.

Without fear of challenge I declare that the one chord that vibrated the highest enthusiasm and brought forth the heartiest response was that which called for an arrest of armament, looking towards disarmament and not for increase of armament. Over there on the borders of the terrible slaughter fields of Europe they realize too well that no permanent peace can be secured that does not work towards a prompt, systematic, co-operative reduction of armament. There they believe the United States is called upon to lead. There disarmament is not in the interest of nerveless imbecility but in the interest of an international police force, which is forever different from, and opposed to, a national army that seeks to settle questions of dispute between nations on the low levels of brute force with the obsolete ethics of the duel in effect.

I am glad I went with this expedition. Not because it might not have been improved, but because it went at all. What are the smug critics doing about this terrible war? Listlessly folding their hands while they "fight it to a finish out there in Europe." What are the increasing number of millionaires in this war-prospered country of ours doing except to silence the pacific appeals, encourage the enlargement of the militant powers, weakening the protests of the pacifists with their sneers, trying to revivify the waning interest of America in arms and armament, all in the face of the manifest verdict of history that to prepare for war is to bargain for war; that armament, first, last and always, is inimical to peace. A new weapon is a new challenge. The road to peace is away from militancy; it is the road of reason, the road that leads to courts of justice.

Of course at the Hague we were in the presence of that much ridiculed but splendid product of modern art, the Peace Palace, made possible by Carnegie's million and a half, although that represents but a fraction of the eight to ten million there invested. Holland furnished the beautiful ground upon which it stands. Its halls have been enriched and beautified by contributions from all the countries of the world, all of which conspire to make it perhaps the most beautiful modern building on the globe. The architects have succeeded wonderfully in utilizing the achievement of the old architects and subduing the same into modern refinements. Still let it be admitted the beautiful palace has never been used except in that section where a corps of librarians are diligently working, receiving, cataloguing and arranging the pacific literature of all nations. There the Peace Palace stands waiting the time to serve as the capital building of organized Europe,, for which time the agonized hearts of the nations are bleeding. The times are ripe for practical leadership on gospel lines, and our vaunted Christianity must either make good its claim or hide its head in shame.

Ford is a name to conjure by because it represents one of the radiant "fools"; one who has done foolish things right along. He was the "fool" manufacturer who said, "I want no man in my employ who is not worth $5 a day." He was the "fool" man who said, "No man has sunk so low in crime or debauchery but what he shall have a chance in my shop." Six hundred ex-convicts are now at work with him. Only four or five have ever disappointed him. He belongs to that illuminating line of God's "fools" that includes John Brown, Lloyd Garrison, Martin Luther, Abraham Lincoln. Yea, the list extends until it includes the illuminating "fool of Athens," Sokrates, and the greatest "fool" of them all, he who was so "defeated" on Calvary.

Henry Ford has built a great hospital in Detroit that has cost a million and a half dollars. One of the by-products of our expedition was the effort to get through the lines several thousand dollars' worth of the latest surgical and hospital appliances from the factories of Germany and Belgium. It may be that to the all-seeing eye, and according to the verdict of future historians the "Foolish Ford Expedition" will outweigh and outreach in potency and benignancy the blessed hospital for the sick and maimed in Detroit, and Heaven forbid that I should underestimate that benefaction. But the Detroit hospital at best will but give attention to broken limbs and diseased livers and kindred ailments. It will attempt to prolong the mortal life of those who can at best not much exceed the average of three score and ten years. But the Ford Peace Expedition was a reckless attempt to heal broken hearts, to save homes from destruction, and above all to preserve intact the ideals of humanity. It was an attempt to domesticate in the twentieth century the Beatitudes of the Nazarene, to follow the leadership of the Prince of Peace.

"Foolishness!" Again "all foolishness!" Granted. There has never been a time in the history of the world when the picket line of progress was not haunted by "fools" of this kind. Those who defied precedents and were horribly "impractical," and wasteful of life, money and time.

And I am glad I went, and I come back, so far as the proper balance of my pulpit ministrations will permit, to throw all the force of my life on the foolish lines projected by the "Fool Ford Peace Expedition." Admitting the excrescences, eliminating the self-seeking, the shallowness, the coarseness and the idleness that followed in the wake of this expedition, there will still forever remain in this venture the story of a man who was foolish enough to break over cast iron conventionalities, to neglect the hard economies, to turn a deaf ear to the "practical policies," the benumbing patriotism that persistently refuses to hear, or fails to yield to the glamor of the prophets of the ages. He yielded to the demand that man, bereft of claws and horns and fangs, but enriched with the skull full of brains, should submit his destiny,—individual, domestic and national, to the demands of reason, the dictates of justice and not to the arbitrament of the sword and the decisions of cannons.

We all admit that the exigencies of progress often call for individual sacrifice. It has often transpired that man must needs lay down his life that truth may conquer. I repeat the bold phrase of Bishop Greer of New York City, "May there not come a time when there is need of martyr nations?" Is the time not here now when a great nation, providentially circumstanced, should bear testimony to the truth, as individuals have done, and offer its life if need be that truth may live, aye that it may find life "more abundant?"

But that is facing an unnecessary alternative. If I read history aright, no invading army, no conquering

warrior, no triumph of the sword has ever been able to wipe off the face of this earth intellectual power or spiritual potency. Heroic spirits are not to be conquered by bullet or by bayonet. Call the roll of the vanquished nations and find them today triumphing in their defeat, potent though powerless, their prayers for righteousness confusing the tyrants of the sword. You cannot beat rigteousness on the head with a club and defeat it.

Call the roll of the submerged nations, where are they? Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Finland, Scotland, Ireland, Wales? All of them off the political map of the world. Their flags, if they had any, disgraced and trailed in the dust. But in a very large and real way these still represent the throbbing, lifting life of Europe. They have to be reckoned with wherever they are. The prosperity and power won or maintained by the sword in the nineteenth century A. D. is doomed as such prosperity of the centuries B. C. were doomed. The triumphs of those ancient men on horseback are buried under the sands of oblivion, the place of their glory discovered only with the spade, while the power of the disarmed, disabled, disgraced Greece and Judea still controls the civilized world. Athens and Jerusalem are still the capital cities of the spiritual realms.

So here I stand, as I stood before I went, confirmed and strengthened in my convictions by the experience of the last three months.

Oh, but I hear, "Honor! Honor! national honor!" The most confusing and delusive word in the vocabulary of today is this word "honor." What is so dishonorable as to push a nation into the business of systematic murder. What is so dishonorable as to compel innocent men in the ranks to kill more innocent men and to be killed by men as innocent. "Oh, but what would you do if your wife was insulted?" This is the coarse, brutal short cut of the militant spirit. I do not know what I would do; but one thing I know I ought not to do, and that is to go out and insult some other man's wife in retaliation. This is the real logic of this argument. Two wrongs will never make a right. You can never atone for lives lost in Belgium by robbing thousands of homes of their support and making widows galore in Germany. Deplorable as the facts may be, the remedy at last must lie in lines of legislation and higher diplomacy.

"Oh, but I don't want to raise molly-coddles." What about the "sissy-men," the spineless, flat-chested, the anemic, weak-kneed pacifist of which I am a supposed specimen. Listen to the testimony of the greatest of pedagogues, a teacher of teachers through all the centuries, the master of schoolmasters for over two thousand years—Plato:

> They think that their serious pursuits should be for the sake of their sports, for they deem war a serious pursuit, which must be managed well for the sake of peace: but the truth is, that there neither is, nor has been, nor ever will be, either amusement or instruction in any degree worth speaking of in war, which is nevertheless deemed by us to be the most serious of our pursuits.

Listen to the great Channing, in whose study the first peace society was organized in America:

> The common argument, that war is necessary to awaken the boldness, energy, and noblest qualities of human nature, will, I hope, receive a practical refutation in the friends of philanthropy and peace. Let it appear in your lives, that you need not this spark from hell to kindle a heroic resolution in your breasts. Let it appear that a pacific spirit has no affinity with a tame and feeble character. . . . Let it be seen that it is not fear, but principle which has made us the enemies of war. . . . Be it our part to exhibit an undaunted, unshaken, unwearied resolution, not in spreading ruin, but in serving God and mankind, in alleviating human misery, in diffusing truth and virtue, and especially in opposing war. The doctrines of Christianity have had many martyrs. Let us be willing if God shall require it, to be martyrs to its spirit, the neglected, insulted spirit of peace and love.

Man was landed on the shores of mortality the most helpless of animals, born into the world with body unprotected. The claws were refined into facile but helpless fingers, horns had given way to temple domes of thought; but he was born with brains and a highly developed nervous system. By the power of his wit he has established himself the king over nature, master of plant and animal life. Those that will not lend themselves to his direction are doomed. The lion and the tiger have been driven to the jungles of Africa. They are waging a losing battle there; they are going. Thistles and sand burrs and briars are giving way to clover fields and orchards.

So in the great field of organization something we call internationalism is preparing the way for an organized world which will retire the cannon and the bayonet into the museums as curiosities alongside of the ghastly exhibit we saw at the Hague,—the thumbscrew, the wheel, the contrivance for breaking bones, the starving chamber erected within reach of the smells of the kitchen. All of these were once thought necessary instruments of Christianity, indispensable weapons of righteousness. Without them the state could not subsist. Read the story of William of Orange and the Duke of Alva if you want to realize what preparedness meant three hundred years ago. The story of preparedness that is the quest of this hysterical nation at the present time will eventually be written in the same gruesome letters that will testify to the disgrace of the age in which we now live.

I believe in Peace. A peace to be worked for now when the heart of humanity is tender in that direction, while the nations are being bled to death.

I repeat, I come back to this work, and so far as lies within my power, I consecrate this desk and my ministry, in it and out of it, to the issues of a peace that rests in love and increasingly has less need of powder and ball.

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**Bless us, Father, with the courage of love, that Thy peace may come into the world and abide in the hearts of men. Amen.**

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VERSE WRITTEN ON BOARD
THE OSCAR II.

He fancied that he fought,
For country and for right;
He really fought because
Some statesman loved a fight;
A hero on the field,
He suffered and he bled;
His name in the long list
Was lost among the dead;
His helpless wife and brood
Bequeathed he to the state,
That left them to become
The mockery of fate;
And nothing now remains
In witness of his glory
Except these bare details
Of his miserable story.

*John D. Barry.*

## An Address Delivered at the Zoological Gardens, The Hague, Holland

by Mevrouw W. Van Itallie Van Embden

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen and Ladies: We women of Holland feel so happy that this Ford Expedition visited our country, that I am sure to speak out of the hearts of thousands of women when I wish you a good welcome in our country.

You are the workers for peace, and it is a feast for us to have you in our midst. We want all kinds of workers to come out of this cruel darkness to light again; we want the great intellects and the strong politicians, and perhaps the enormous financiers, too —of the kind of Mr. Ford above all—. But what we want extremely and what we lack in bitter grief is more *sentiment*.

Sentiment, we have it and we love it in our private homes. There we help each other; there we live for the happiness of our family. Out in the larger home, that is the State, and in the world-round family that is mankind, we are afraid of sentiment, and we do not know how to approach her.

And yet it is sentiment that must save us all, where brains have faltered and intellect has been proved false.

A Danish judge has said: "Woman's soul lives in peace; a man can discuss about peace and war, give arguments and choose in the end; but a woman's soul lives in peace only and completely."

How women love peace they have shown to all, when they held their International Congress here in this same hall in April last year. From many countries, from the belligerent countries, too, women had come to meet, shake hands and work together. Whatever was the pain in their hearts, they forgot it for the good of mankind; whatever was the conduct of their governments, they found each other in a will to help.

*An International Group at the Hotel Witteburg, The Hague.*

Out of this International Congress sprung the *International Union of Women for a lasting Peace.*

And the difference between their program and the other international unions that work for peace—as the ..... Anti-War Council—is that in connection with all the other conditions for a better world, which those unions propose, there is one thing more we believe in, and we ask that of our governments: Women's enfranchisement.

We hope that when women shall have influence in the laws, which regulate morals, as they in their turn regulate human passions, that men and women together will succeed in giving a little more good and a little more happiness to poor humanity.

It was the President of the National Branch of this

Women Lasting Peace Committee who took on her shoulders the task to give your expedition here in Holland a comfortable home and a good opportunity for working.

And a heavy task it was, for she had to enlighten public opinion, that had become afraid by queer press stories and by nonsensical news tidings.

Nearly all the predominant figures in Holland she invited to join a Committee of Welcome *refused,* even those who are hard working in the service of peace. They could not come in, for they had a reputation to "lose," and that is a big thing, you know! Now I for myself am thinking that it cannot be a strong reputation that should be lost even by a misadventure. And others would not join the committee because they did not know exactly beforehand which words you would "speak," and if there might be a dangerous word among them. And even the fact that you have already spoken those words in three other countries was not able to give them confidence.

You know the Litany by heart, is not it? We all hear it everywhere, sometimes sung by other people and sometimes by ourselves. For what we want all and what we lack, as well as a deeper sentiment, is higher *moral courage.* We have to educate ourselves to that higher point of view.

But one thing we learned by this misfortune, that your movement must be a good movement, because of all the fear and the hatred, and the criticism and the scepticism is moved.

And one other thing still. That none of us has the right to behave sceptically about an ideal movement before we have met it and made the acquaintance with its work and its heart.

We *have* to believe in goodness, and we see now that the fountains springing out of your hearts are of pure water and shining brightly in the mighty sun of ideals.

We love you because you have come out of your prosperous country, that does not in its daily life suffer by war itself, as we do in our smaller neutral countries, here in Europe, entangled as we are between the belligerent countries and their contradictory interests. If you wanted to reason in an egotistical tone you would say: "Let this war go on a few years longer, for it brings us power; it lifts us to a mightier economical and political platform. We have only to look and stay aside, and when mad Europe has killed herself by her own hands we can come quietly and take her inheritance; it is good luck for us."

Now the best of you Americans do not reason in this easy manner. Not only your own expedition has a more human tone in her voice, but also the thousands of men and women, renowned and humble, rich and poor, old and young, that bade you a good-bye and a great success; also the thousands of letters that reached you, and the millions of silent wishes that accompany you. Among your letters there was one I read with my heart full of thanks, because it came from your country-woman, Helen Keller, whom a man has called "the wonder of her age." She has no eyes to see and no ears to hear, yet she hears and she saw, and she *knew* where thousands of "complete" people have eyes and do not see, have ears and do not hear, have hearts and do not live as was told us already by Him who lived among us a two thousand years ago.

You have left your homes in Christmas time, when every living person likes to remain in the warmth of family and affection, you have made a tedious journey, you have had cold and fatigue enough; but you come to poor Europe, breathing exhausted in her blood pools and her terrors, you bend over her and your hearts ask, "How can I help you?"

What you do now for peace, peace shall always remember, for she finds safeness in your hearts. You take up her banner and you carry it in strong hands through murder and flame, high above misunderstanding and criticism and scepticism.

And in the countries where you stay people come to you and listen to your magic flute and join you and feel happier.

And in the countries where you were not permitted to stay, because *Death* reigns there, and he is a tyrant, that will reign all by himself alone, people listen, too, and they hear good tidings coming to them from letters, from papers, from friends, from the air itself. They do lift up their pale, worn out faces, their eyes dim with tears, and a small, timid smile spreads over their cheeks. They are so helpless themselves, so forlorn as the babes in the magic wood. They err in darkness and terror, knowing one thing: That there dwells a giant in the wood, and that one day he will stretch out his claw and murder them, wherever they err, whenever it may be. But now they see the good light and their hearts open in hope, as flower hearts open to the first sunbeam.

We have such a horrible winter here on the Continent, so miserable because it is no winter at all. Rain and rain, and wind and darkness and snow. It is so endless and hopeless, and if we did not *know* we should think that it will remain as it is, and that never spring will make us happy again. Now, if we believe or not, one day spring will come and flowers will smell, and birds will sing.

And so it is with that other spring of more human times and new ideals. Whether we believe or not, it *will* come and warm us all and help us all.

But blessed are those who *believe,* and who bring in their soft eyes and their living hearts the message to all of a better world for humanity!

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## Address by Dr. Paul Bjerre, Stockholm, Sweden

Ladies and Gentlemen, Honored Members of the Peace Expedition:

In your program book you use the expression "pilgrimage" for your expedition. When the Pilgrim in earlier times left his home, he knew his destination. There existed then holy places to which one went to find peace in one's heart. There existed holy springs from which one drank health to body and soul.

But whither will the pilgrims of our days direct their steps when they cannot dwell in peace at their homes, but feel themselves compelled to leave them, driven by the same feelings as the pilgrims of olden times. There are no holy places any more. The hatred that tears the whole world asunder does not respect anything of what has until now been held inviolable. It treads all divine and human laws under its feet and it razes the temples to the ground just as easy as profane buildings. Hatred has abolished that world the center of which is in the heart of man. The

modern pilgrim is standing in front of a desert where no pathways nor oases are to be found. He has to feel his way along with no other leaders than his internal forces.

You have come to us from the land on the other side with a purpose to show us a way to peace. Not to such a peace that is a mere armistice, to prepare new armies. No; you are working for a permanent peace, on the foundation of which humanity safely can proceed in its mission. I do not know if the way, you are seeking is the right one. Nobody can know that. But should it even turn out to be an error, what does it matter? It will lead to new trials anyhow. Perhaps also they may be errors. But it is over the errors the way leads to the goal. And as one of the means for reaching the goal your pilgrimage under all circumstances will have its value.

To believe that the present war will convey peace by itself is illusionary. This can only be done through a new spirit among the peoples. We are now beholding a renaissance of the primitive forces of violence and barbarism. But the soul of the peoples hides in its depths forces of another kind. There will be no peace until we have witnessed a renaissance of the feelings of brotherhood and solidarity which are as deeply rooted in man as anything else. Even if your pilgrimage should not attain anything else than to be a contribution in the work for this renaissance, it has not been in vain.

As I now wish you welcome to our country, I will at the same time express my wish that your pilgrimage may swell out to be a crusade. May the crowds joining you grow larger and larger. You are advancing, not under the banner of nationality, but under the banner of federation. May you help to awaken the feeling that different peoples can live under the same organization without intruding on each other's interests. On your banner the star, the symbol of the birth of resurrection is gleaming; may you help in raising that cry for resurrection out of the abasing slaughter to which we are looking forward with longing.

## Address by Mr. Sven Lange

**At the Ford Peace Banquet Hotel Witteburg, The Hague January 14, 1916**

We Danes are perhaps the most sceptical people on earth. The capacity of doubt which is a characteristic of our mind has from olden time penetrated our whole culture as the grain of salt which gives savor to the food. We doubt about everything. We doubt about beautiful florid legends and tales from the past, and we are not satisfied until the cold, hard, scientific research has stripped them of their splendor and reduced them to bare stringent historical facts.

We doubt about the present, because behind all what we read and hear, we immediately form in our consciousness a reduced and mitigated image of it, and in that image we believe.

We doubt about the future because in the deepest sense we doubt about ourselves.

Ladies and gentlemen, this capacity of doubt is at the same time our weakness and our strength. It is our weakness because it may paralyze our capacity for action in decisive moments, and on the other hand it gives us a certain strength because behind all the words we hear we patiently look for reality and truth. It is not by mere chance that we are the countrymen of Hamlet. Doubt is like a worm gnawing at our inner beings, but at the same time doubt is our armor against untrue accounts and phrases which come to us from without.

Ladies and gentlemen, when you came to us with your peace expedition we were obliged by our own very nature to doubt, not only because the difficulties you had to fight seemed to us to be invincible, but perhaps still more because the expedition was moving along in a whirl of beautiful and fascinating words and phrases, which seem so dangerous to us. We have been told that when you left New York you had doves of peace in the ship. It may not be true, but at that time we believed it. And it seemed to us that these birds had become the roasted fowl who in the fairy tale flies into the mouths, of people, well on this occasion they rather flew out of the mouths of the speakers. They flew out as all those beautiful and innocent words from the dictionary of fairy land: Peace, justice, humanity, goodness, pity, comfort and love.

Beautiful words and dangerous words. They find the hearts open. They only have to show themselves to be let in at once. But what do they mean? Do they mean other things than an indefinite movement in the old, hard, stony breasts of mankind? Have they not become popular first especially because they cannot be carried out? That is what we thought when we first saw you. But by and by, as we lived with the expedition and its leaders, we became convinced that if these difficulties can be overcome, then you are the people able to do it.

Those beautiful and dangerous words little by little have concentrated themselves into a clear and firm action. We no longer doubt; we believe. You have conquered us. It is a triumph which may seem small because we are few in numbers, we Danes, and our country is a small one. We used to think that our doubt made us invincible, but you conquered us.

Now we return home each to his business to spread your fame and to work on in your spirit.

## Patriotism?

Throughout the world the matter of loyalty to country, to the nation, is being tested. How much may patriotism demand of any citizen? Heretofore it has been assumed that a nation may demand all, life, wealth, of all of its citizens. This old answer to the question may change very much and very soon.

Except when he has succeeded in conquering it the traitor to his country has been condemned and despised. Loyalty to country throughout history has been held to be essentially religious.

The most notable example of the oneness and strength of patriotism and religion that the world has known is that shown by the people of Israel. For a very large part of their history they have been a people "without a country." It is apparently for this reason that in their adversities and dispersions they have created the most intense and the most religious expressions of nationalism. For much of the world they have furnished the language and the liturgy of nationalism. They have so interwoven their piety with

their patriotism that governments and religion in nations are dependent upon their scriptures for the adequate expression of patriotic and religious sentiments.

We have recently been treated to an example, by three of our greatest political leaders, who are in large disagreement, of a subservient dependence upon the sentiments of an ancient prophet to defend their diverse opinions concerning national policies. It has been facetiously suggested that the Book of Ezekiel will be used as a text for the platforms of all national parties at the next election.

Through the development of the means of communication and transportation the world grows smaller at an increasing rate. All peoples of earth are realizing their inter-dependence. These facts tend to change the old allegiances, the old loyalties. The old loyalty to royalty is endangered. Monarchism is struggling to save itself before the rising tide of democratic sentiment and practice. The sovereignty of nations founded on separateness and force, through the mightiest human struggle, is seemingly set to conquer all humanity, or to pass away. Colonel John Sobieski, an American citizen, the lineal descendant of Sobieski III., king of Poland, has recently prophesied that "in a few years there will not be a king in all Europe."

The immoralities of the old order and the inadequacies of the old ideals are being plainly revealed. It is becoming clear that the wars into which the old loyalties have plunged the nations are fundamentally immoral. They seem to be dragging down the moral standards, destroying races and robbing people of their former religious ideals. Physical, mental, spiritual quality is vanishing. In view of these facts may we not say with Lessing, concerning the old patriotism, that it is "a heroic weakness which it is well to be without?"

So apparent are these facts that there is good ground for the affirmation, made by those who should know, that the processes of human evolution are being reversed in many parts of the world, and that the race is going backward toward the savagery from which it has emerged.

If this is true, what shall we say to the patriotism, to the loyalty to country that has produced this sort of thing? Can it endure? Shall we strive to excuse or to tolerate it? How long will thoughtful people echo the cry: "My country, right or wrong?" Shall we expect the people will always be loyal to governments in the justice and right of which we do not believe, but which they obey only because compelled?

It would seem that it is a much nobler patriotism that would echo the cry, "My country; may she ever be right; but if she is wrong, let me give up my all to help make her right." We do not and should not expect the coming of an internationalism which shall altogether destroy the sentiments of a particular patriotism, but we do expect the coming of a patriotism which shall insist that a country shall serve humanity all the time, we do expect a loyalty to country which will insist that it be right before the judgment of all the world.

One cannot be really and honestly loyal to a party or to a patriotism which he believes to be unjust, and evil, and harmful to human interests. When such loyalty is demanded of citizens we may very well expect "the divine right of revolution," which has been responsible for so much of human betterment, to be vigorously exercised. Even nations must sometimes be taught by the severest lessons that in righteousness only is true success.

It is the moral quality of the objects to which we are devoted that makes our loyalties beneficent. If they lack the quality of goodness, of worth, they may be dangerous, and instead of giving us life they may destroy life. All nations that have depended on the sword for national permanence have failed, and it must continue to be so. The underlying principle of the military is destruction. It destroys the lives which depend upon it as well as the lives it destroys. So the nation that depends not upon the sword, but most completely upon the right, will longest endure, and will foster the greatest worth in its citizens. This is a truth which is apparently founded upon the moral, upon the divine quality of the universe. Why should we expect any denial of the eternal goodness to persist and to succeed in building up life either for the individual or for the nation? In the long course of human history it never has been so. Have we any reason to expect that the ways of right will change and become essentially destructive instead of beneficent? Have we any reason to give our lives over to the precarious care of the lesser loyalties?

*Youngstown, Ohio.* F. M. BENNETT.

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## Should We Declare War With Mexico?

Especially as the worst of the difficulty is over, Mr. Stoughton Cooley says: "There is now less occasion for trouble with our sister republic than at any time during the last three years." Yet we are forced to believe there are men of influence in our nation who would use this Mexican trouble to make political capital or financial opportunity for a few rich men. They would force a poor and helpless people, already devastated by a cruel civil war with all its attendant evils, into another war that would murder thousands of her young and competent men, and murder scores of thousands of our young and strongest men, and waste unnumbered millions of money and property. It does not seem that men could be so debased and cruel. Yet we are forced to believe it.

It is evident that nine-tenths of the charges made against the Mexican people are made for political effect.

There are the fifteen per cent of its rich or well-to-do class, who inaugurate those devastating civil wars, and the innocent and struggling peons upon whom the burden of all the wars fall. Now it is the purpose of the ruling class, calling the peons thieves, liars, murderers, to rule them with an iron hand, and make them furnish all the men and money. They are unwilling to see them freed from "those oppressive laws and customs which deny them any share in the progress of the world."

Now, shall we Americans become parties to a great wrong to a people struggling up to self-government? Shall we, under the cover of restoring order, place all the power in the hands of the fifteen per cent of the well-to-do? And so far resident Americans have all allied themselves with the ruling class.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

**The Unity Publishing Company**
**Abraham Lincoln Centre**
**$2.00 PER ANNUM**

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*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."*

# THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."*

## TRUTH ABOUT HENRY FORD EXPEDITION.

(John E. Jones of Washington was one representative of the Press who was prepared to understand and appreciate the spirit and purpose of the Ford Peace Expedition, as his article under the above caption in the March number of the *National Magazine* clearly indicates. The following extracts will commend the entire article to our readers.—EDITOR.)

* * * * *

Our second day at sea was Sunday, and two religious services were held. Dr. Charles F. Aked, in his sermon, told of Paul: "And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side; where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither." The beginning was small, but Paul was not disheartened. Dr. Aked made us feel that, though our beginning, too, was small, our influence, like that of Paul, would extend beyond the shores of a river, and that the waves of the sea might break a few sprays of peace upon the distant shores where men fought in blind passion and hate.

* * * * *

A rather extraordinary feature of the Henry Ford Peace Expedition was the personal relation existing between its leader and his guests. During the first days at sea Mr. Ford held regular conferences twice a day with the newspaper people, and he discussed the expedition with practically everyone on the ship. He was subjected to the most searching inquiries, especially by the representatives of the press. Everyone agrees that he is a very unusual man, that he is entirely sincere and absolutely unselfish, and even the most of the correspondents spoke well of him.

* * * * *

The Norwegians waited only a few hours before defining their attitude toward the expedition. At the close of our first meeting one of the most distinguished clergymen of Christiania took the platform and told us of the misrepresentation that had preceded us. He added that our party had been carefully observed in Christiania, and that the large audience which had assembled was entirely satisfied. He pledged his sympathy and support, "heart and soul." Then followed a tremendous outburst of applause and enthusiasm. Meetings were held every night and every one was successful.

* * * * *

Europeans are not accustomed to unofficial demonstrations dealing with international affairs, and after investigating our purposes they became enthused and were glad to join in a movement in which a body of American citizens had shown the independence to go across the ocean on such a world-inspiring pilgrimage, without even so much as asking the government's "by your leave." Europe was even more surprised than the United States to find that there lived a millionaire willing to spend a fortune for the good of humanity. Among these people war is complacently regarded as the failure of diplomacy; and the neutrals, in their critical positions, are appalled by the awful tragedy at their door.

It is not strange that these people came with open minds to meet us. The problems involved in the world struggle are vital and imminent to them. There were no lips curled with sneers or voices acid with scorn; the weapon of ridicule was absent among these neutrals. There are some American characteristics from which they are pleasantly free. They wanted our thought, and they considered the movement in the most serious manner, and used every effort to make the pilgrimage a success that would some day yield momentous results.

## ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The annual meeting of this church was postponed from January to the 16th of March, owing to the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The postponement enabled Mr. Jones to announce the Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Church, from which he had never been absent. The meeting was quite up to its predecessors. Some two hundred seats were occupied at the tables. Perhaps some thirty activities were reported, all in hopeful condition, growing and prospering. These reports will be gathered as usual into an Annual which will be forthcoming at Easter time notwithstanding the delay.

UNITY readers would be interested in all of these reports, but most of all in the report of Mrs. Shears-Carnovale of her last drive for the Unity Endowment Fund, which was reported as within about $300 of the home post. She announced it was her last appearance in the capacity as solicitor. It is an immensely interesting story of an eight years' quest coming to a successful completion. In due time this story will be told in UNITY.

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## FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

Dear UNITY:

Hurrying into the dawn of each day with renewed energy to complete the day's work; night comes all too soon for unfinished tasks, and no time is found or given to refresh the spiritual—thus have I been passing through the eternal present the past few months, reading and hearing only of war, graft and some of the flotsam and jetsam of life. The world is on the campus invading study and preparation for later service.

And yesterday came to my table UNITY with announcement of Lenten services. The program brought a halt to the everlasting rush and after reading all the contents I went to bed refreshed.

Enclosed are the $2 which should have been sent.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To Editor of UNITY:

Some time ago several copies of UNITY were sent to me. They are above ordinary literature. The leading star of your worthy magazine is "He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men." Am glad to learn that you are true to this great text. You do not fear to refer often to Our Negro Brother. The eulogy on Mr. Booker T. Washington was excellent. Please continue in 1916 to mention the Negro race. Some papers and magazines fear their paper would be soiled if they were to print "Negro" in it—what cowards! The Negro needs encouragement; he has been lowered down by his overbearing white Brother. Your magazine can do much to smooth the way between the two races, and produce good fellowship and unity of feeling.

There is another people who need your help—the Irish one. Long have they suffered and been ostracised. Kindly invite them back into the family home.

Yours for Unity,
*Catholic Priest.*

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Here are some of the big things that Poet Lore has done. This list, without further comment, shows why Poet Lore is the only magazine in America that is indispensable to all those readers who are on the lookout for *new* genius the moment it appears, instead of waiting to fall into line after this genius has been discovered by others. Read this list carefully.

In 1889 Poet Lore pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1891 Poet Lore made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg.

In 1892 Poet Lore brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Bjornson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Bjornson himself.

In 1893 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.*

In 1894 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

In 1895 there appeared in Poet Lore Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides."

In 1897 Poet Lore brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann.

In 1898 Poet Lore published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 Poet Lore contained a story of Selma Lagerlof.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of Poet Lore.

In 1903 the readers of Poet Lore were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux.

In 1904 Poet Lore began the publication of Gorky's plays.

In 1905 Poet Lore was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 Poet Lore presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by Poet Lore.

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